BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

NUTTY

IR-23p (Inc. VAT)

No. 191 October 8th, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 16p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN

POW!

GENERAL BLIGHT AND CAPTAIN CREAM HAVE TAKEN OVER CHIEF O'REILLY'S POLICE STATION. THEY ARE AWAITING BANANAMAN'S ARRIVAL AFTER HOAXING HIM WITH A PHONE CALL. WILL OUR HERO FALL INTO THEIR DEADLY CLUTCHES

Hey! What's with all this snoozin'?

READER'S VOICE

SNORE!

Zzz!

Zzz!

Have YOU been able to stay awake since last week?

SUDDENLY OF A SUDDEN—

THE GAME'S UP, YOU FIENDS! BANANAMAN'S HERE!

G-GOSH! It's really HIM— This is our big moment.

S-so it is!

WHAM!

Any second now.

He seems a trifle annoyed.

Oo-er! Silly me! I should've guessed the effects of the banana wouldn't last a whole week.

We've got him. It's his weedy, little other self.

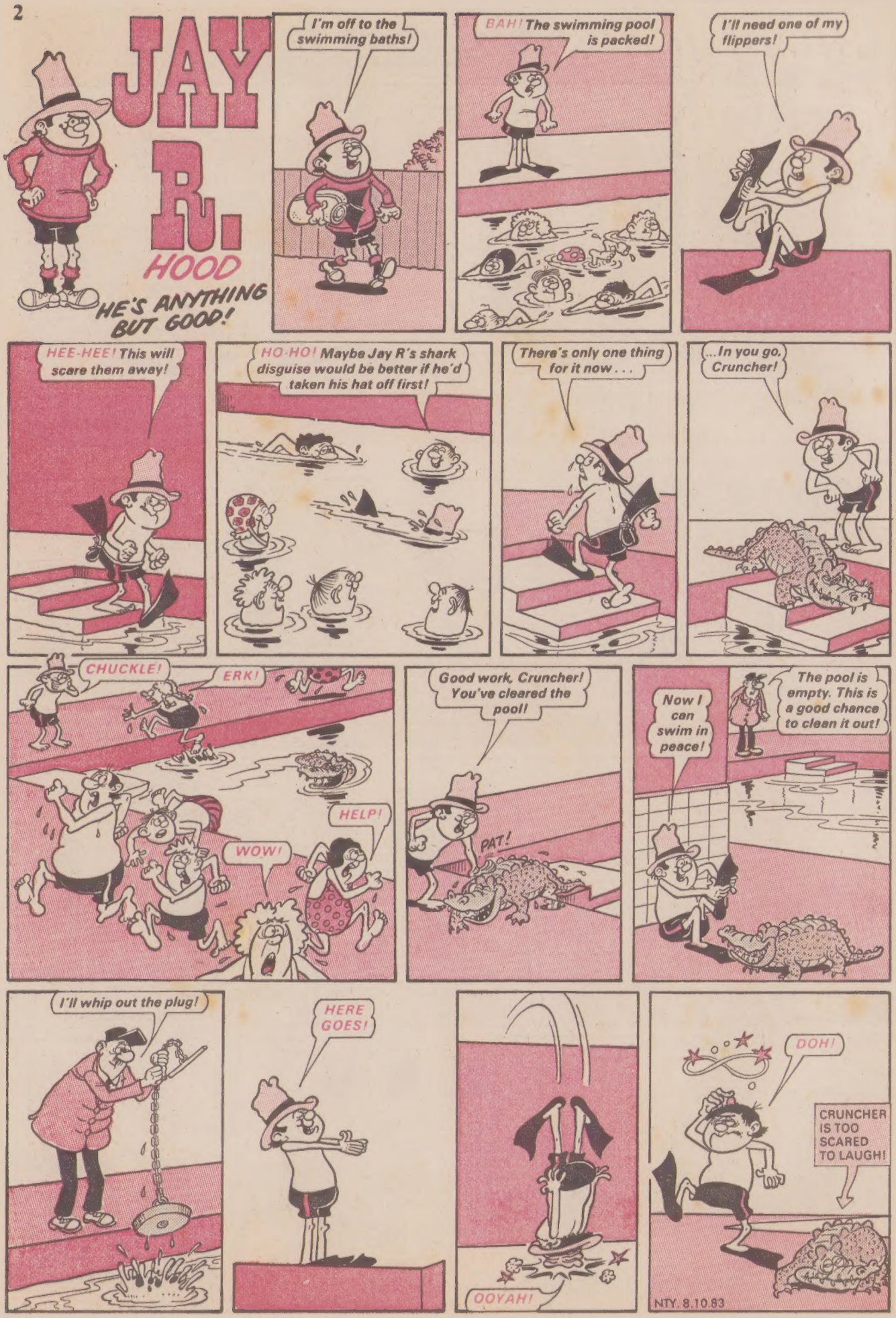
Now to capture Bananaman.

Eh? But you've GOT him!

MINUTES LATER—

Right, Wimp, eat a banana.

DON'T HANG ABOUT! TURN TO THE CENTRE PAGES


JAY R. HOOD
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!
I'm off to the swimming baths!
BAH! The swimming pool is packed!
I'll need one of my flippers!
HEE-HEE! This will scare them away!
HO-HO! Maybe Jay R's shark disguise would be better if he'd taken his hat off first!
There's only one thing for it now . . .
...In you go, Cruncher!
CHUCKLE!
ERK!
HELP!
WOW!
Good work, Cruncher! You've cleared the pool!
PAT!
Now I can swim in peace!
The pool is empty. This is a good chance to clean it out!
I'll whip out the plug!
HERE GOES!
OOYAH!
DOH!
CRUNCHER IS TOO SCARED TO LAUGH!
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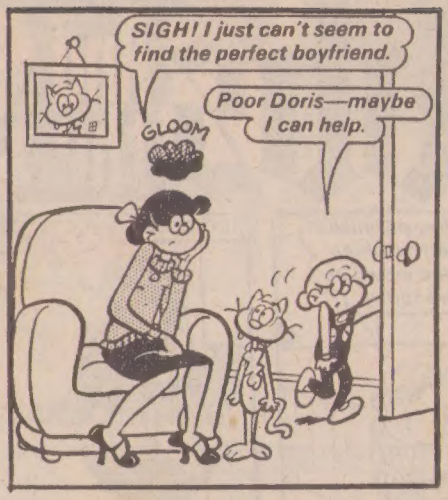
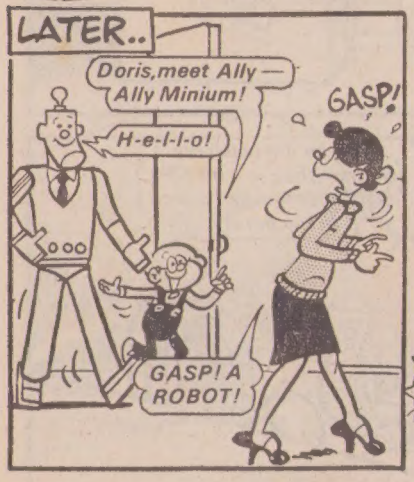
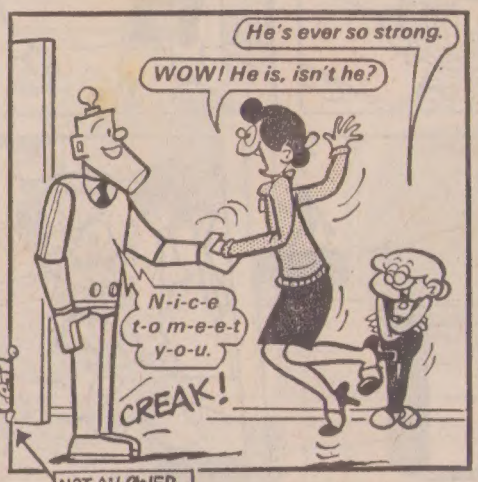
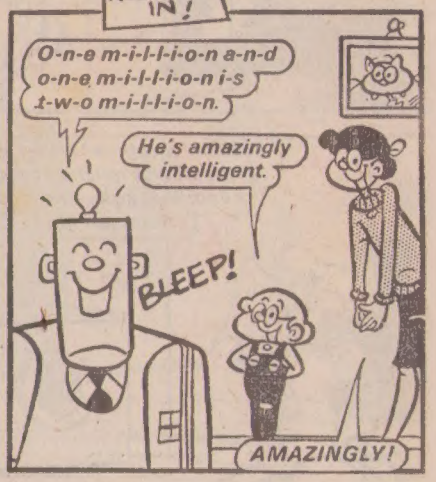
PETER Pest

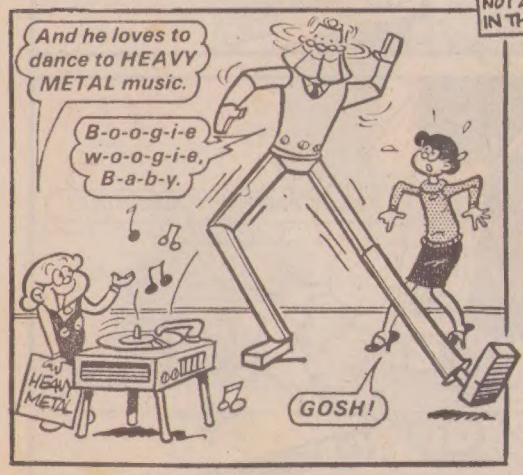

SIGH! I just can't seem to find the perfect boyfriend.
GLOOM
Poor Doris—maybe I can help.

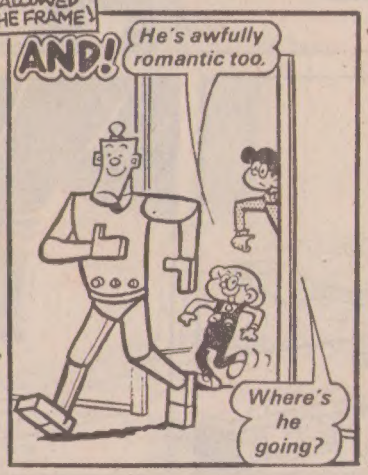
SOON
Yes, I think I could do that, Peter.
WACKY'S INVENSHUN SHED
Great! I knew I could rely on a genius like you, Wacky.
NOT ALLOWED IN!


LATER..
Doris, meet Ally—Ally Minium!
H-e-l-l-o!
GASP!
GASP! A ROBOT!


He's ever so strong.
WOW! He is, isn't he?
N-i-c-e t-o m-e-e-t y-o-u.
CREAK!
NOT ALLOWED IN THE FRAME!


O-n-e m-i-l-l-i-o-n a-n-d o-n-e m-i-l-l-i-o-n i-s t-w-o m-i-l-l-i-o-n.
He's amazingly intelligent.
BLEEP!
AMAZINGLY!


And he loves to dance to HEAVY METAL music.
B-o-o-g-i-e w-o-o-g-i-e, B-a-b-y.
HEAVY METAL
GOSH!


AND!
He's awfully romantic too.
Where's he going?

H-a-v-e s-o-m-e p-r-e-t-t-y f-l-o-w-e-r-s.
SHRIEK!
Isn't that nice?
RIP!
SAY IT WITH BUSHES!

He's got a really magnetic personality—as you'll see.
STOMP!
Eh?
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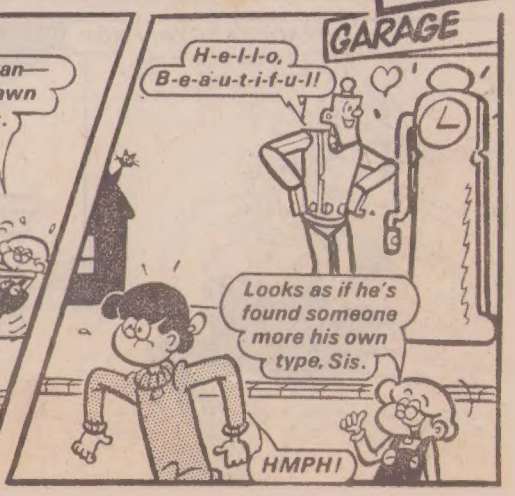
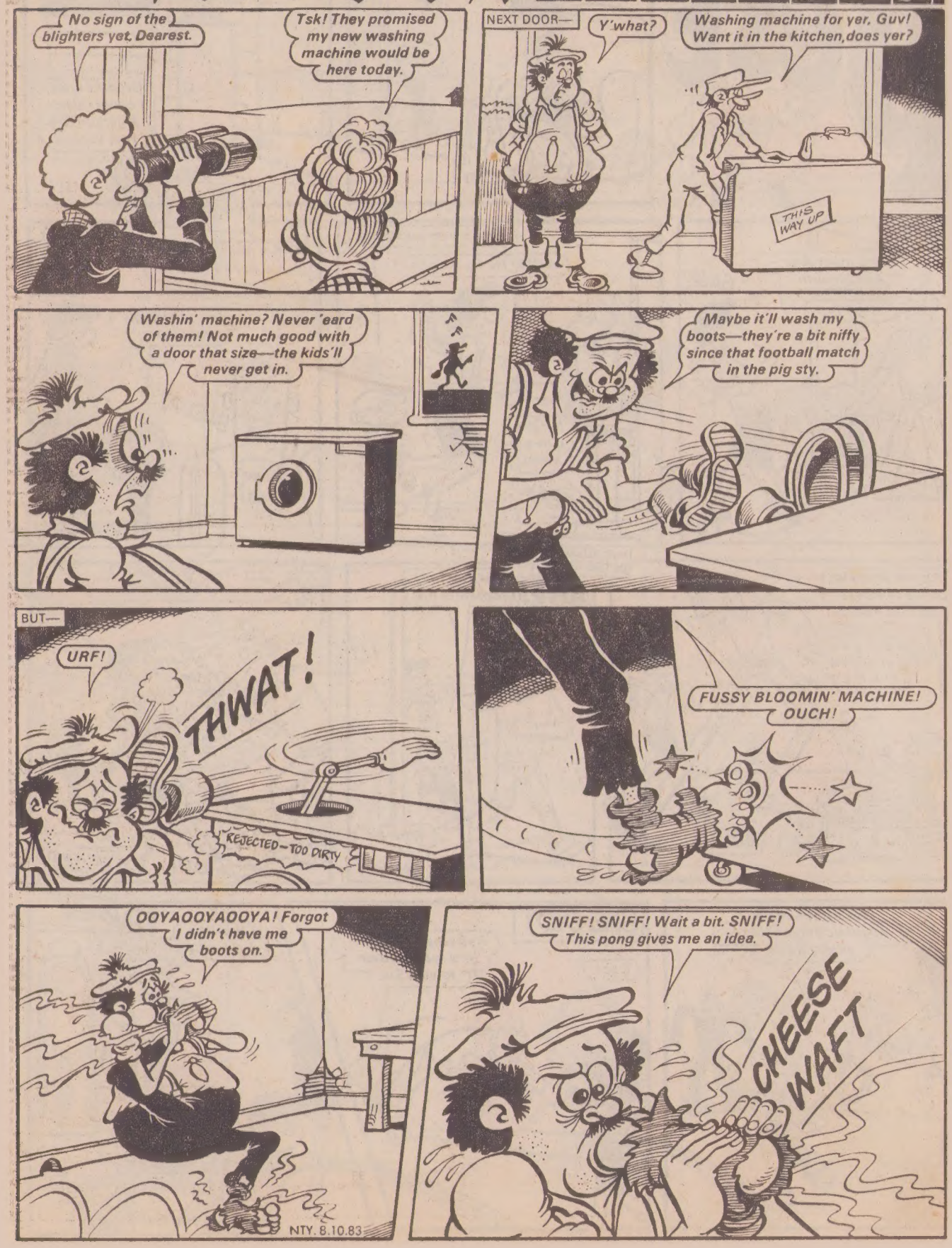
SHE DID!
See what I mean—he's really drawn to you, Sis.
Coo!


GARAGE
H-e-l-l-o, B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l!
Looks as if he's found someone more his own type, Sis.
HMPH!

The Snobbs And the SLOBBS


No sign of the blighters yet, Dearest.
Tsk! They promised my new washing machine would be here today.
NEXT DOOR—
Y'what?
Washing machine for yer, Guv! Want it in the kitchen, does yer?
THIS WAY UP
Washin' machine? Never 'eard of them! Not much good with a door that size—the kids'll never get in.
Maybe it'll wash my boots—they're a bit niffy since that football match in the pig sty.
BUT—
URF!
THWAT!
REJECTED—TOO DIRTY
FUSSY BLOOMIN' MACHINE!
OUCH!
OOYAOOYAOOYA! Forgot I didn't have me boots on.
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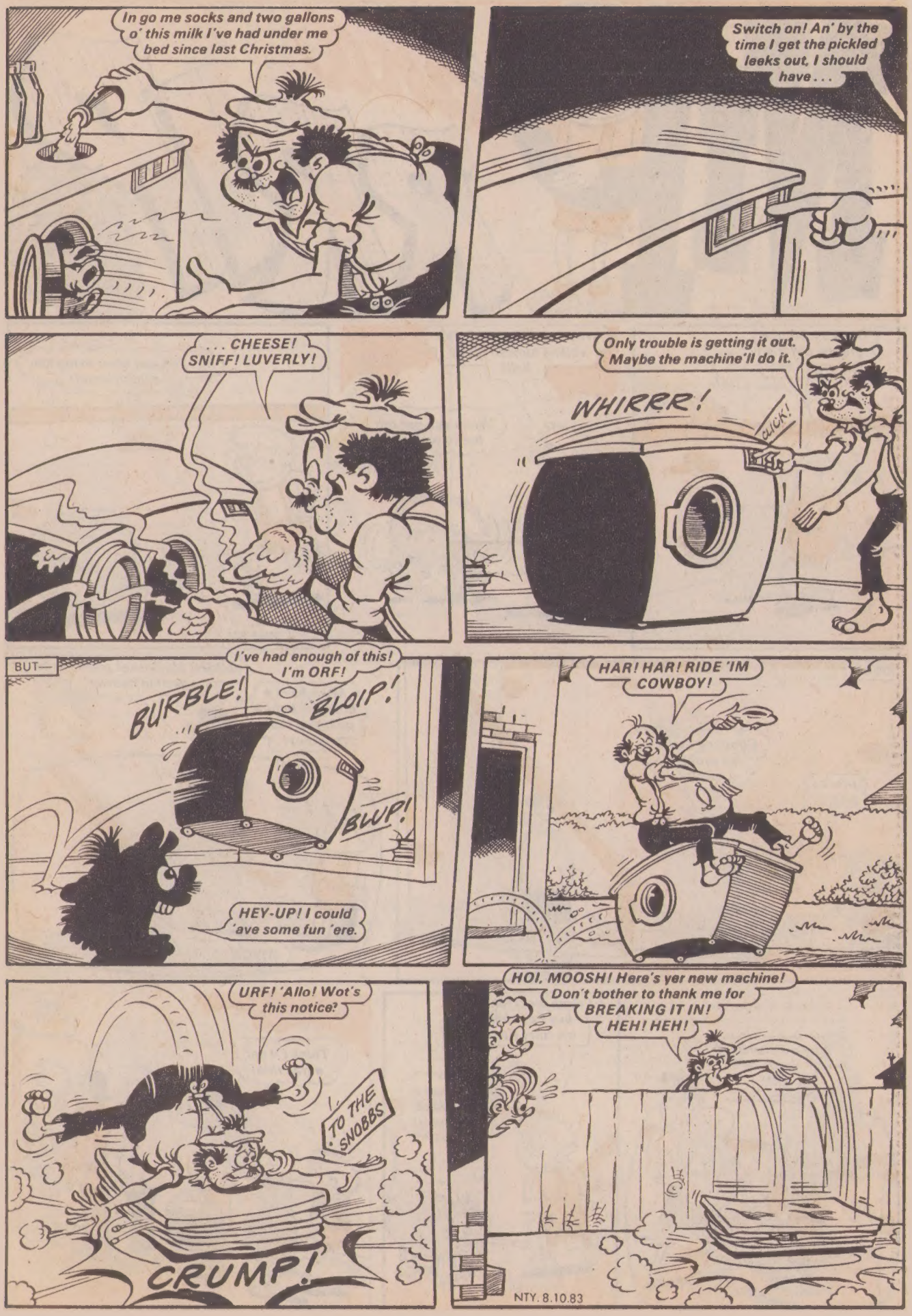
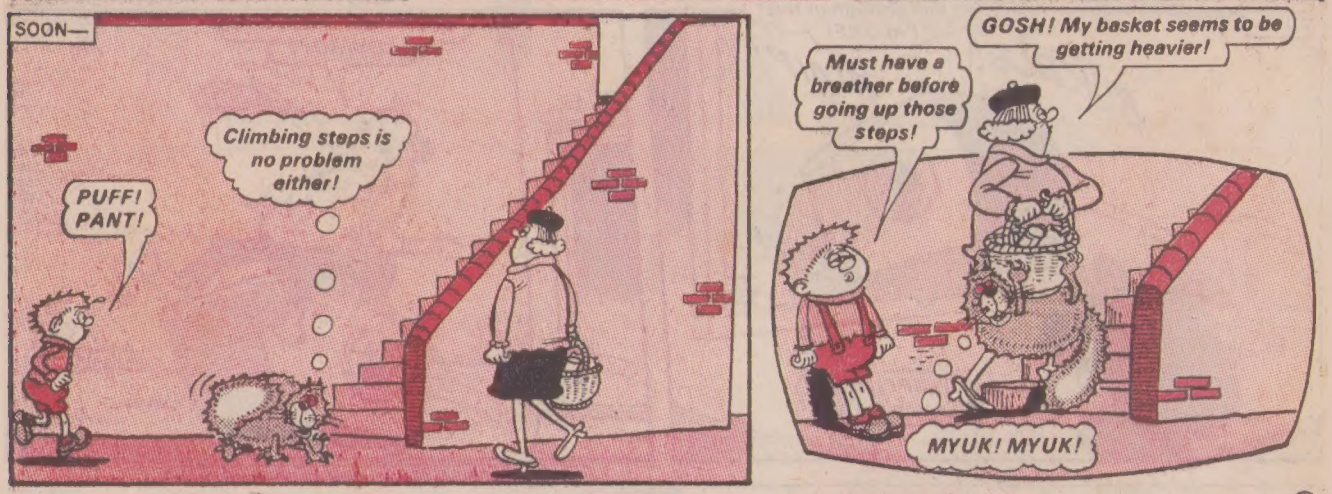
SNIFF! SNIFF! Wait a bit. SNIFF! This pong gives me an idea.
CHEESE WAFT


In go me socks and two gallons o' this milk I've had under me bed since last Christmas.
Switch on! An' by the time I get the pickled leeks out, I should have...
... CHEESE! SNIFF! LUVERLY!
Only trouble is getting it out. Maybe the machine'll do it.
WHIRRR!
CLICK!
BUT—
I've had enough of this! I'm ORF!
BURBLE!
BLOIP!
BLUP!
HEY-UP! I could 'ave some fun 'ere.
HAR! HAR! RIDE 'IM COWBOY!
URF! 'Allo! Wot's this notice?
TO THE SNOBBS
CRUMP!
HOI, MOOSH! Here's yer new machine! Don't bother to thank me for BREAKING IT IN! HEH! HEH!
NTY. 8.10.83

NIP and RRIP

There's a bit of a breeze, but it's still pretty hot!
Too hot!
What's RRIP up to? He's rolling himself into a ball!
When you get too hot to walk...
...You can blow along like a tumbleweed!
PHEW!


SOON—
PUFF! PANT!
Climbing steps is no problem either!
GOSH! My basket seems to be getting heavier!
Must have a breather before going up those steps!
MYUK! MYUK!

Who's a cleverr catt? I AM!
I think we'll take the bus from here, my furry friend!
That'sss a good idea, Meassster!
BUS STOP
Think I'll get a free ride!
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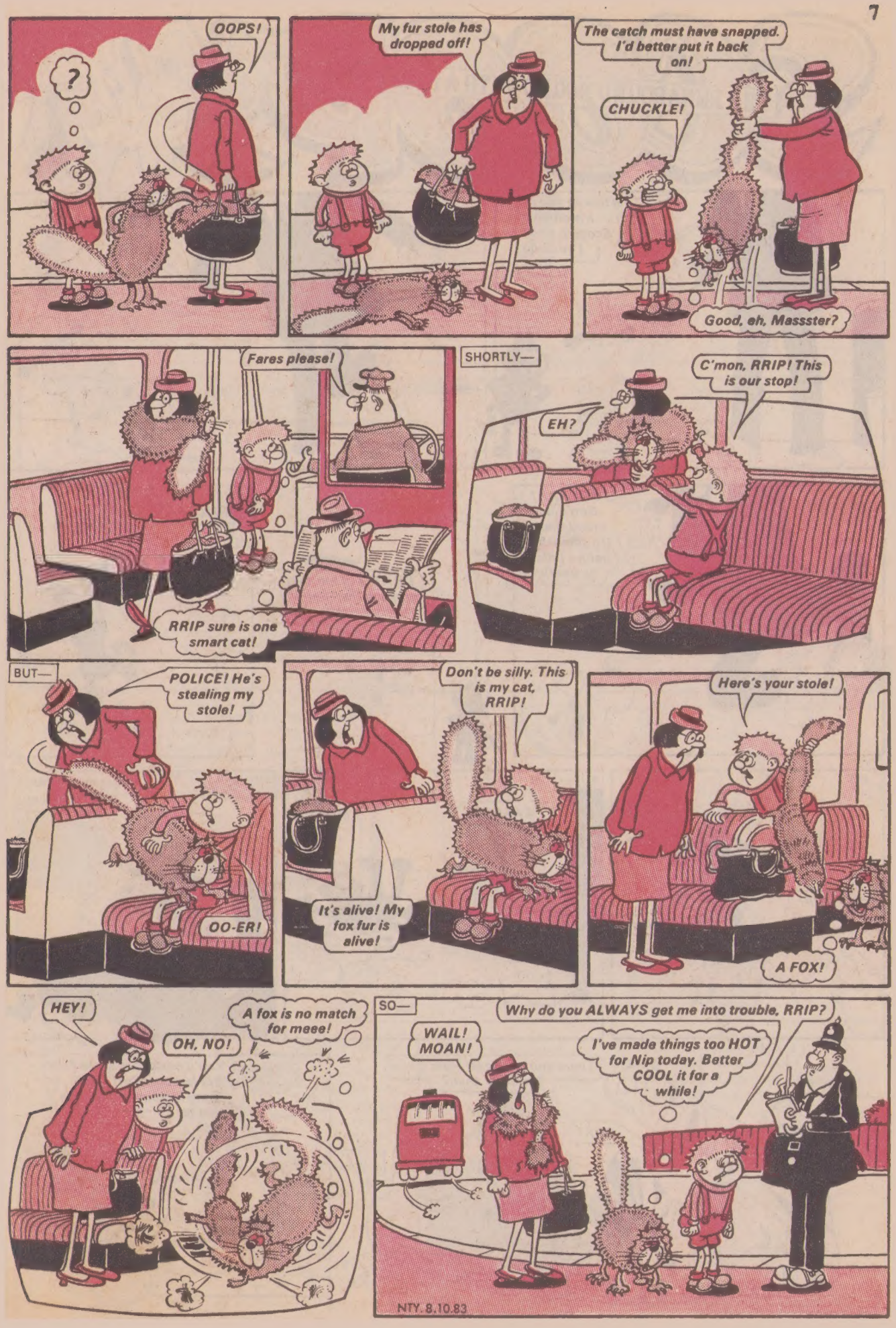
OOPS!
?
My fur stole has dropped off!
The catch must have snapped. I'd better put it back on!
CHUCKLE!
Good, eh, Massster?
Fares please!
RRIP sure is one smart cat!
SHORTLY—
C'mon, RRIP! This is our stop!
EH?
BUT—
POLICE! He's stealing my stole!
OO-ER!
Don't be silly. This is my cat, RRIP!
It's alive! My fox fur is alive!
Here's your stole!
A FOX!
HEY!
OH, NO!
A fox is no match for meee!
SO—
Why do you ALWAYS get me into trouble, RRIP?
WAIL! MOAN!
I've made things too HOT for Nip today. Better COOL it for a while!
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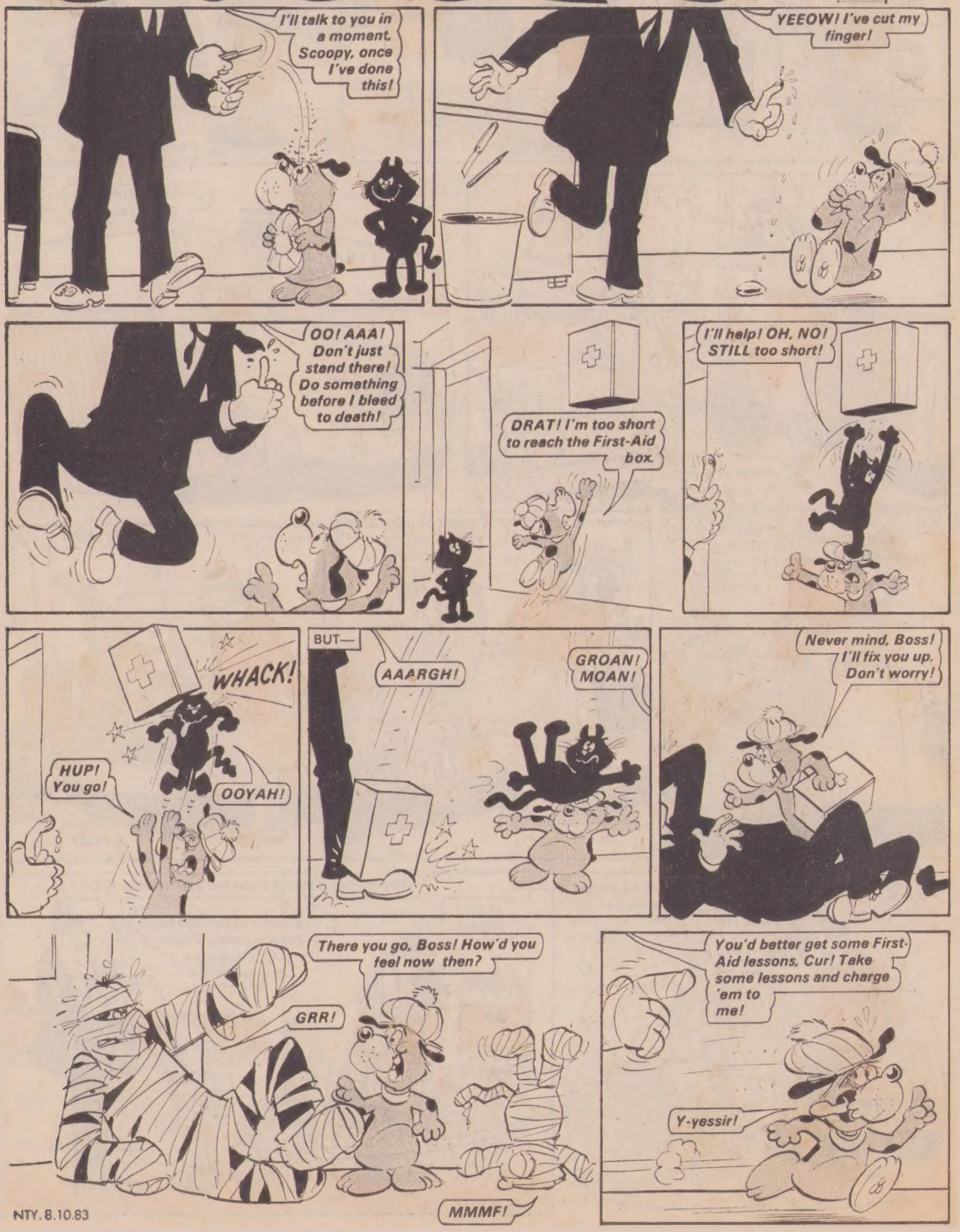
Scoopy

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS


I'll talk to you in a moment, Scoopy, once I've done this!
YEEOW! I've cut my finger!
OO! AAA! Don't just stand there! Do something before I bleed to death!
DRAT! I'm too short to reach the First-Aid box.
I'll help! OH, NO! STILL too short!
WHACK!
HUP! You go!
OOYAH!
BUT—
AAARGH!
GROAN! MOAN!
Never mind, Boss! I'll fix you up. Don't worry!
There you go, Boss! How'd you feel now then?
GRR!
MMMF!
You'd better get some First-Aid lessons, Cur! Take some lessons and charge 'em to me!
Y-yessir!

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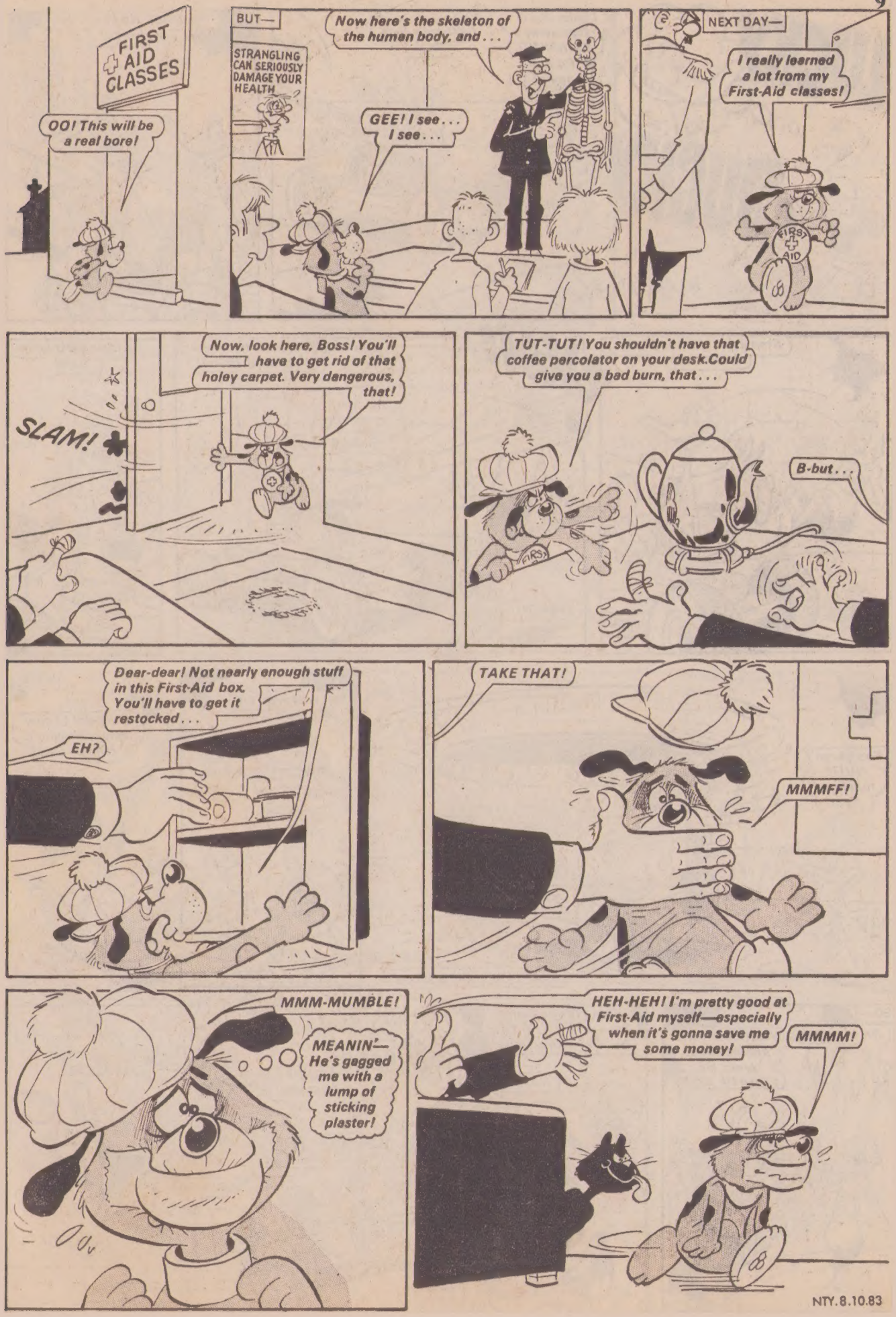
FIRST AID CLASSES
OO! This will be a real bore!
BUT—
STRANGLING CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH
Now here's the skeleton of the humen body, and . . .
GEE! I see . . . I see . . .
NEXT DAY—
I really learned a lot from my First-Aid classes!
Now, look here, Boss! You'll have to get rid of that holey carpet. Very dangerous, that!
SLAM!
TUT-TUT! You shouldn't have that coffee percolator on your desk.Could give you a bad burn, that . . .
B-but . . .
Dear-dear! Not nearly enough stuff in this First-Aid box. You'll have to get it restocked . . .
EH?
TAKE THAT!
MMMFF!
MMM-MUMBLE!
MEANIN'— He's gegged me with a lump of sticking plaster!
HEH-HEH! I'm pretty good at First-Aid myself—especially when it's gonna save me some money!
MMMM!
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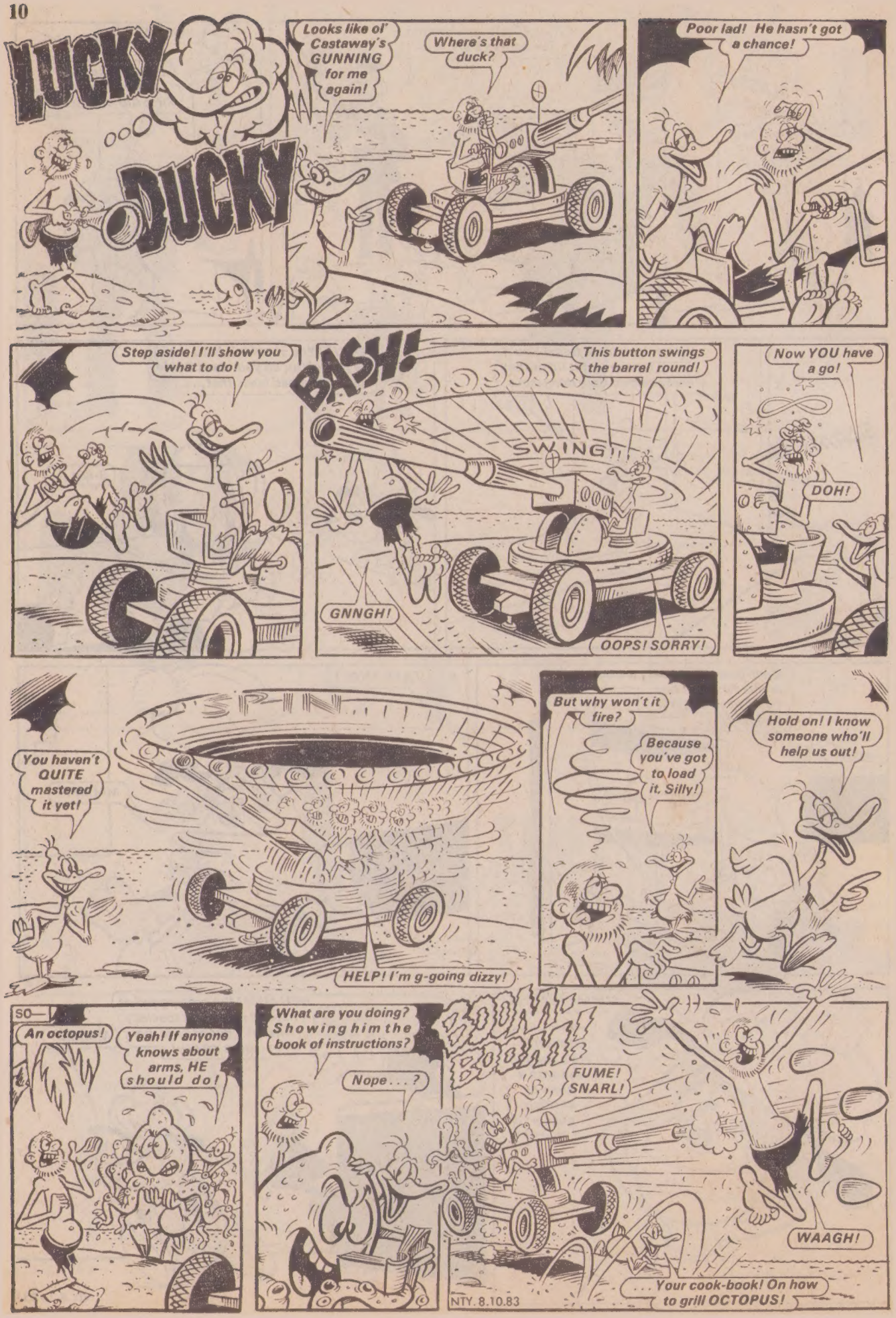
LUCKY DUCKY
Looks like ol' Castaway's GUNNING for me again!
Where's that duck?
Poor lad! He hasn't got a chance!
Step aside! I'll show you what to do!
BASH!
This button swings the barrel round!
SWING!!
GNNGH!
OOPS! SORRY!
Now YOU have a go!
DOH!
You haven't QUITE mastered it yet!
SPIN...
HELP! I'm g-going dizzy!
But why won't it fire?
Because you've got to load it, Silly!
Hold on! I know someone who'll help us out!
SO—
An octopus!
Yeah! If anyone knows about arms, HE should do!
What are you doing? Showing him the book of instructions?
Nope...?
BOOM! BOOM!!
FUME! SNARL!
WAAGH!
...Your cook-book! On how to grill OCTOPUS!
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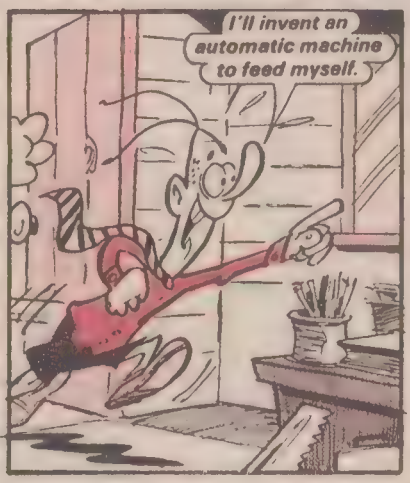
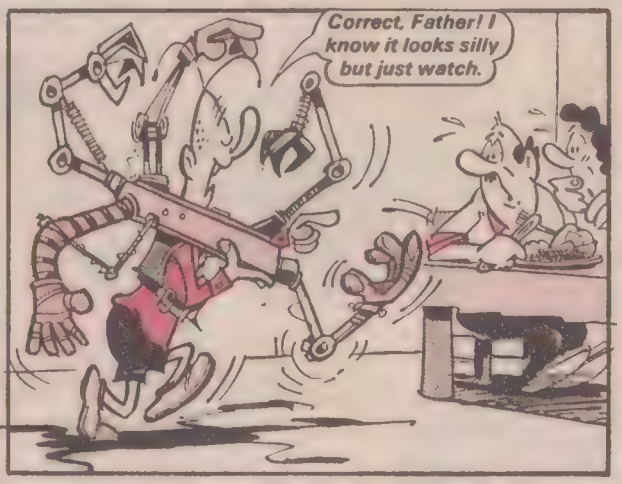
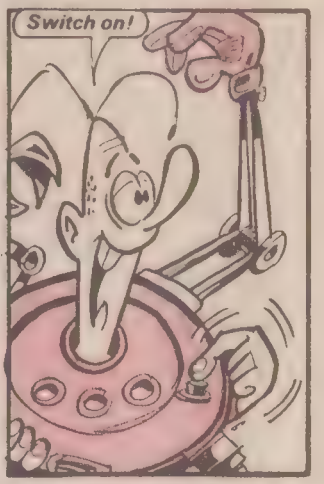
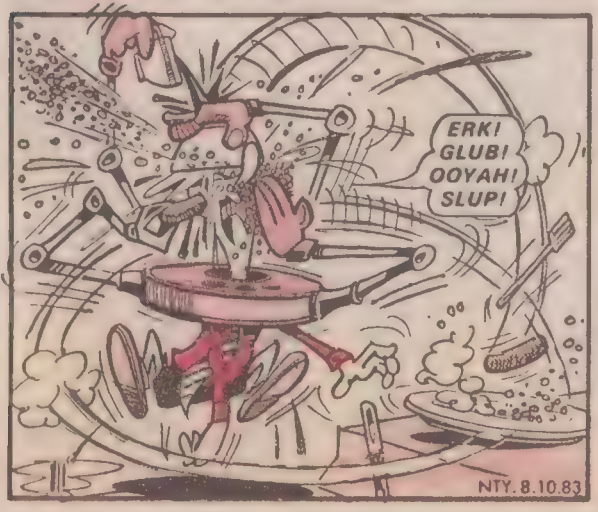
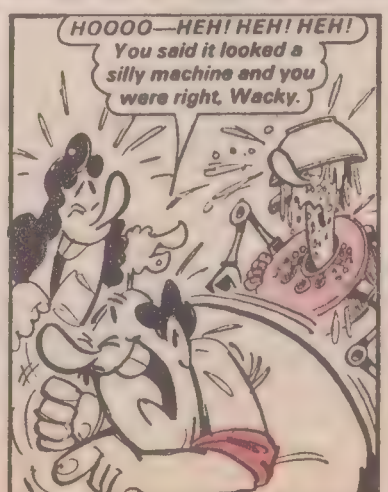
WACKY
THE CRACKPOT INVENTOR











BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

Okay, Bananaman—you're going to be my slave! One word of complaint and Chiefy bites the dust.

Don't make me do ironing—I HATE ironing.

YUKKLE-YUKKLE! And you thought Jay R. was mean and nasty.

THEN—

What's this " Remember you can fly at amazing speed, great for catching police chiefs."

READER'S REMINDER

SCHPLUTTER!

I'm coming, Chiefy!

CREAM! FIRE!

Okay, General—GOT IT!

I thought he was to cut the rope?!?

Save me, Bananaman.

SLITHER

UGH! I hate creamy gunge!

HO! HO! I get it—it was only a big joke after all.

Yes, just like yourself.

Some joke!

HA! HA! HA! You are awful, Blighty!

Really—fancy thinking we were going to get rid of old Chiefy.

SNIP!

JUMPIN' JOCKEY SHORTS! CHIEFY!

WAAGH! It's going to be down to Earth with a bump for me.

Don't panic, Chiefy-Chops! I'll be there in two shakes of a tadpole's toenail.

AAIEE!

GOTCHA! You could've seriously damaged that street, you know.

SWOOP

PHEW! Poor street—poor blinkin' street.

FLOOP!

OOF! Bananaman—what's happened?

BLURGH! Eric Wimp's just gone and heppened!

WHUPH!

NTY 8 10 83

Are you all right, Chief, old friend?

FUME! SNORT!

Come on, Cream! He doesn't need enemies like us . . .

. . . Not when he has friends like Police Chief O'Reilly. HO! HO!

GRR! I'll manglerise you, then I'll pulverate you . . .

Er, have I been a NOOSE-ance, Chief?

NTY 8 10 83

BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!

IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT, YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!

Send your letters to:
BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY",
P.O. Box 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

What did Dick Turpin say at the end of his famous travels to York on Black Bess?

WHOA!

NATHAN BURTON,
BURTON-UPON-STATHER.

Why did the trumpet player want his son to learn the trumpet?

So he could follow in his TOOTSTEPS.

LYNDA AUSO,
PENCAITLAND.

Doctor Bell fell down the well,
And broke his collar bone,
Doctors should attend the sick,
And leave the WELL alone.

ROBERT SHARMAN,
NR. LOUGHBOROUGH.

JUSTIN PIPER,
NEWBURY.

LINDA BOURDILLAUD,
MARCH, CAMBS.

CHRISTOPHER HEYWOOD,
OUTHORPE.

If January and February did not March, what would happen?

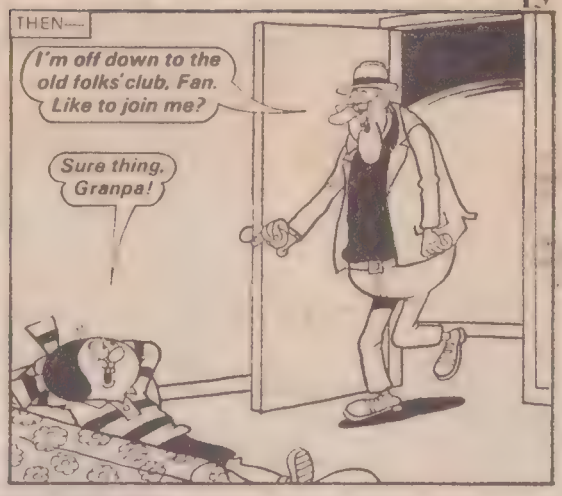
APRIL MAY.

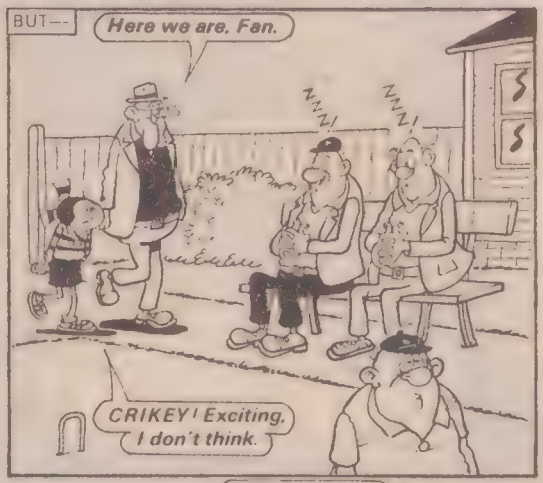
LIAQUIT ALI,
BRADFORD.

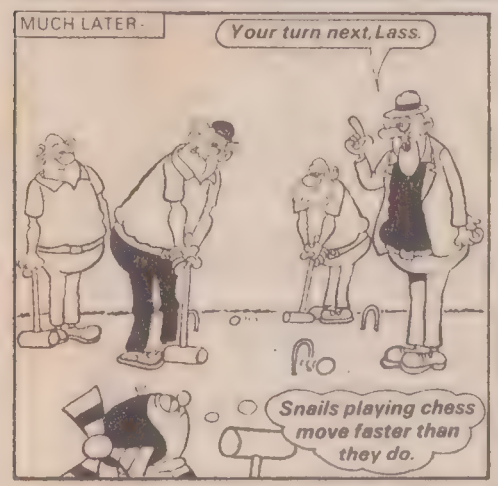
P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!

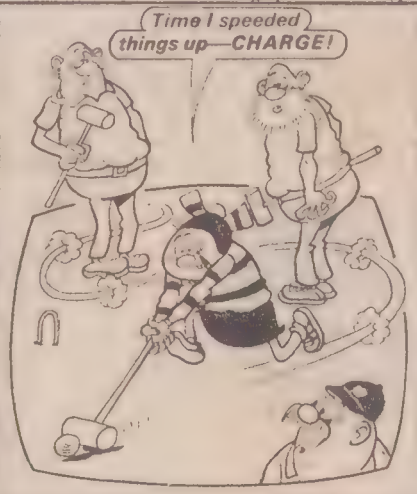
SPORTS FAN

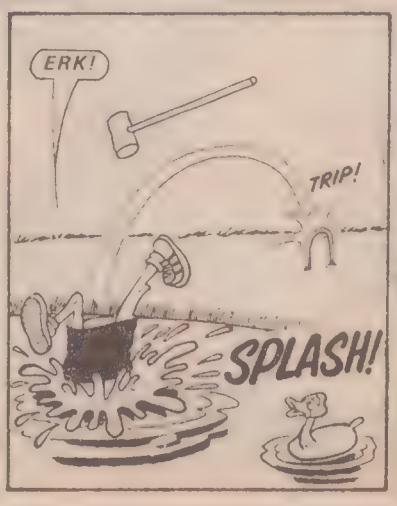
'SME!

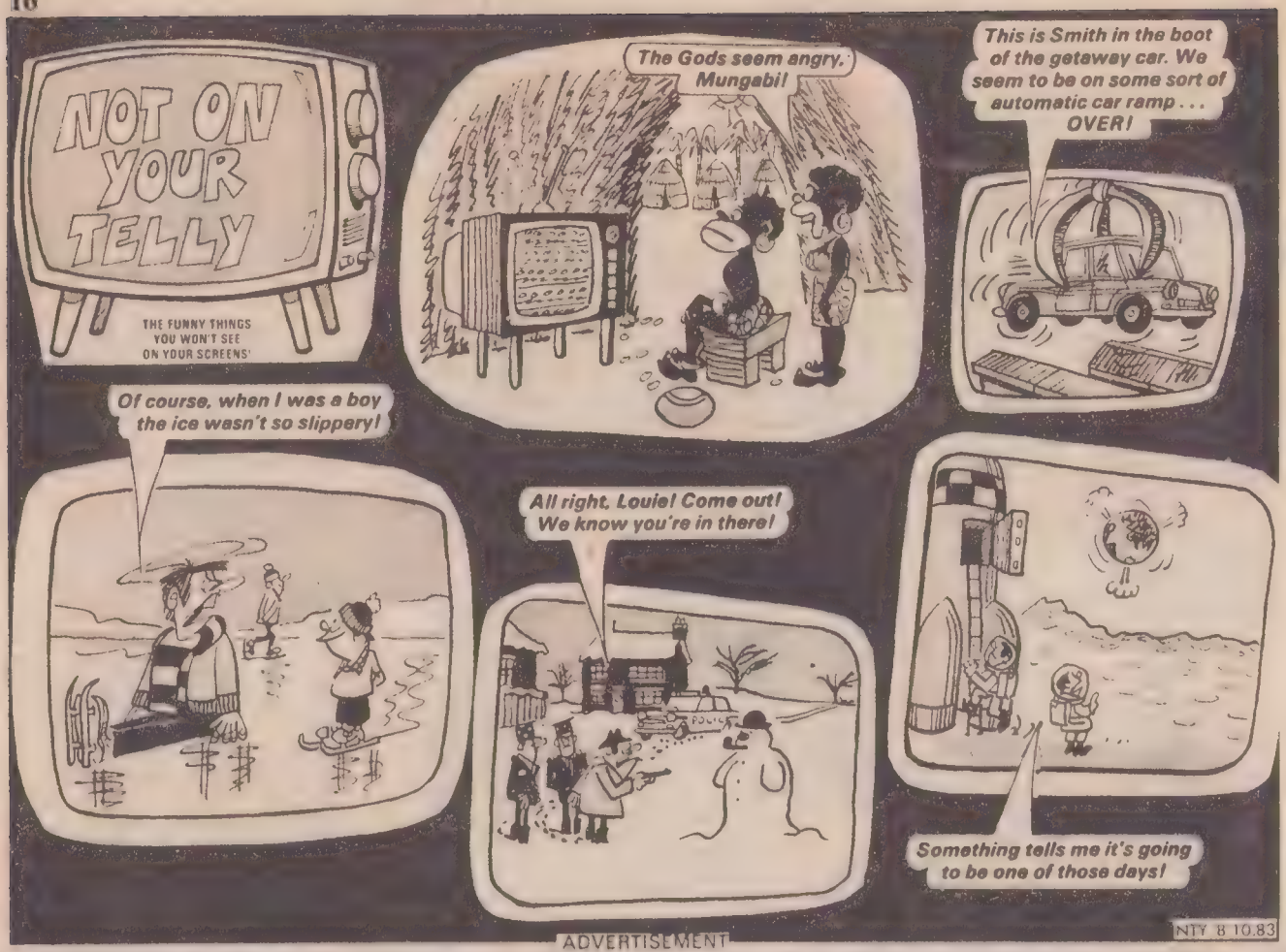











NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS
The Gods seem angry, Mungabi!
This is Smith in the boot of the getaway car. We seem to be on some sort of automatic car ramp . . . OVER!
Of course, when I was a boy the ice wasn't so slippery!
All right, Louie! Come out! We know you're in there!
POLICE
Something tells me it's going to be one of those days!
NTY 8 10.83

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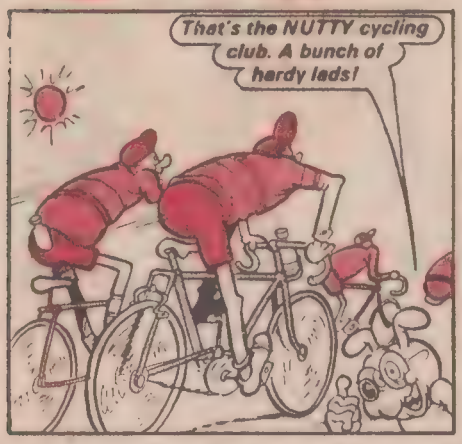
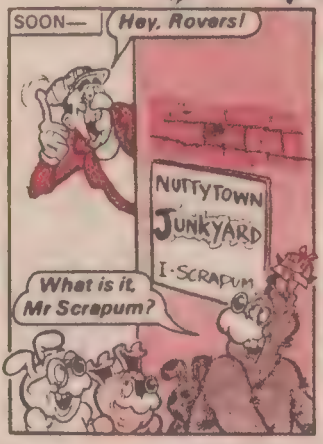
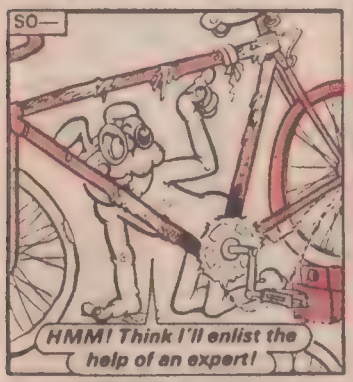
SNOOZER
But I don't WANT to play!
PLAY PARK
But you're GOING to!
Go on— PLAY!
HUH!
C'MON, SNOOZER! You're meant to SWING!
ZZZ!
THEN—
Get on the roundabout instead!
YAWN! If you say so!
OH, NO! Maybe that wasn't a good idea after all!
SNORE!
NEXT—
Get up this chute and SLIDE!
YAWN! Okay, Dad!
BUT—
Snoozer? SNOOZER? SNOOZER?
GRR! Asleep! I might've known!
There's a trampoline. Even YOU can't fall asleep on THAT!
GULP! He's actually ENJOYING it!
Higher! Higher!
Where's he GOING?
ZZZ!
You . . . you PEST!
Yeah! A PEST in my NEST! Gerrimout!
NTY. 8.10.83

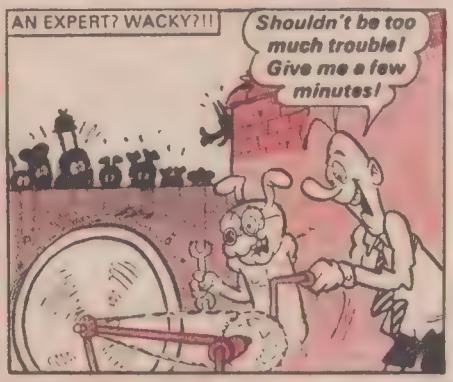
SINGH SONGH
HAGGIS
LADY
SILLY VILLY
PATCH
the WILD

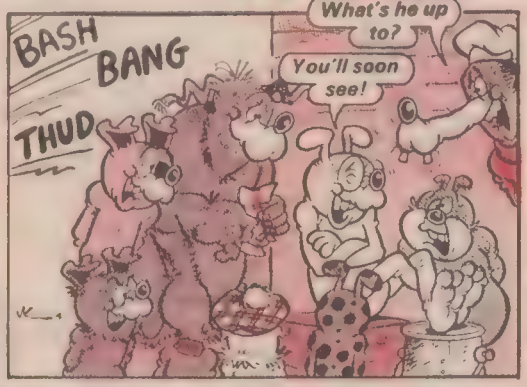

That's the NUTTY cycling club. A bunch of hardy lads!


SOON—
Hey, Rovers!
NUTTYTOWN JUNKYARD
I. SCRAPUM
What is it, Mr Scrapum?

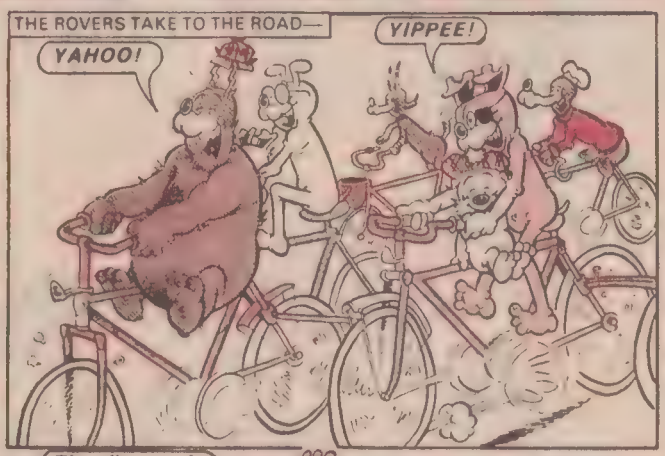
I've got some old, rusty bikes. You can have them if you want them!
GOSH! Thanks a lot!

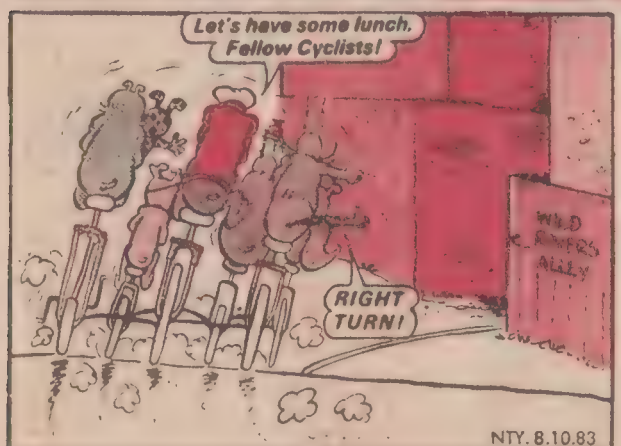

SO—
HMM! Think I'll enlist the help of an expert!


AN EXPERT? WACKY?!!
Shouldn't be too much trouble! Give me a few minutes!


BASH
BANG
THUD
What's he up to?
You'll soon see!

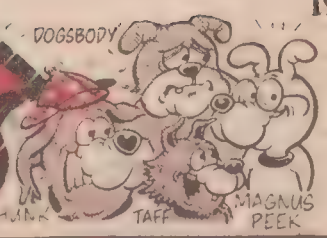
SHORTLY—
That's great, Wacky. Now we can do formation cycling!
Knew you'd like it, Rovers!

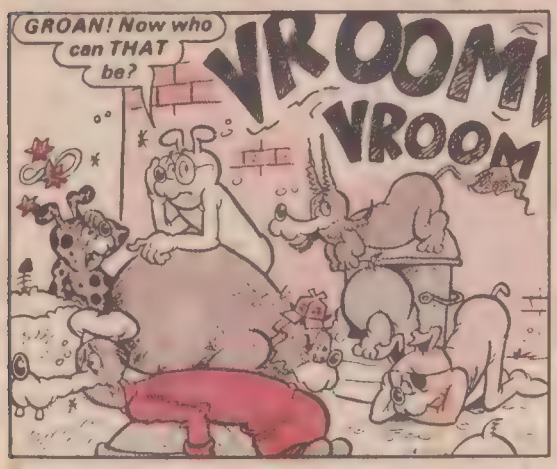

THE ROVERS TAKE TO THE ROAD—
YAHOO!
YIPPEE!

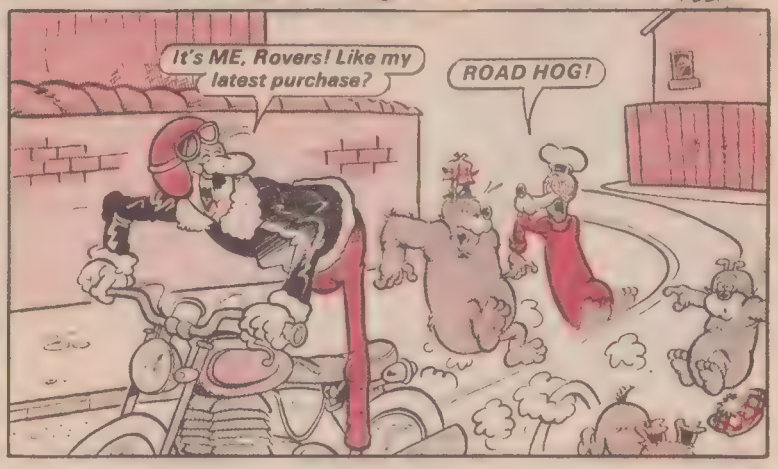

Let's have some lunch. Fellow Cyclists!
WILD RIDERS ALLEY
RIGHT TURN!
NTY. 8.10.83

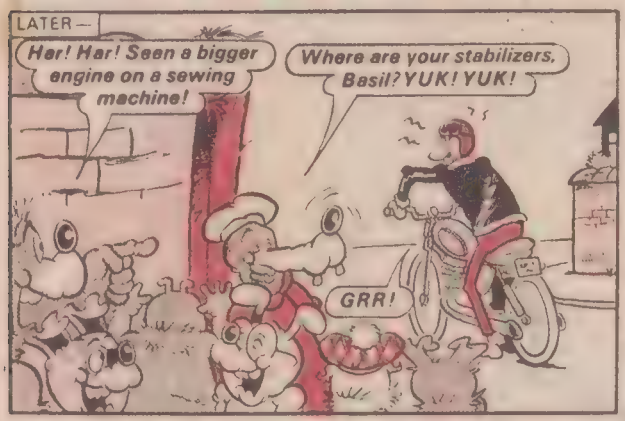
BUT—
The alley way's too narrow! OOF!
OUCH!

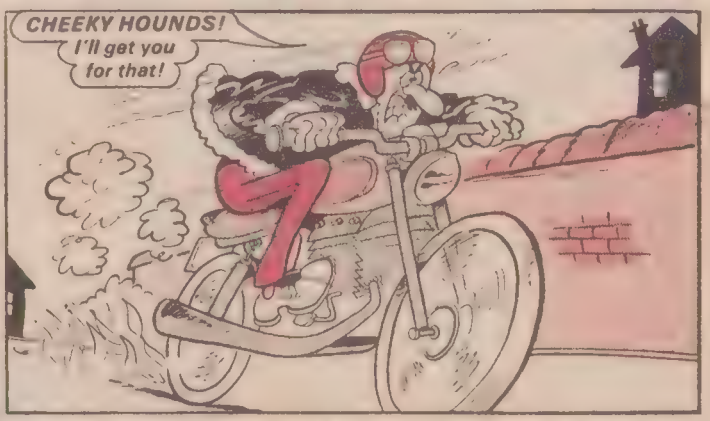
ROVERS

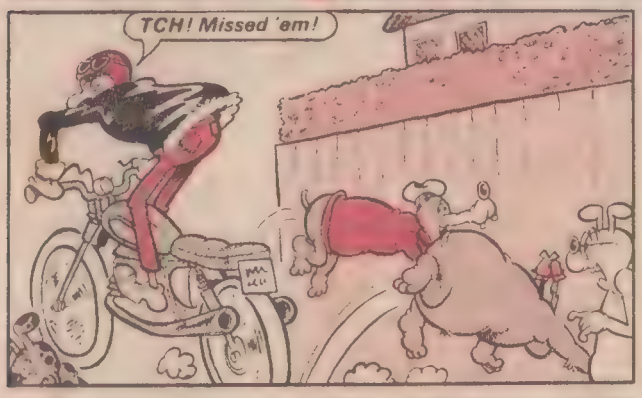

DOGSBODY
TAFF
MAGNUS PEEK

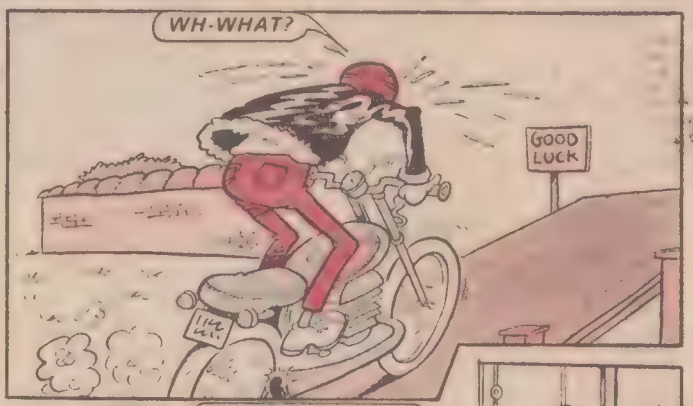

GROAN! Now who can THAT be?
VROOM VROOM

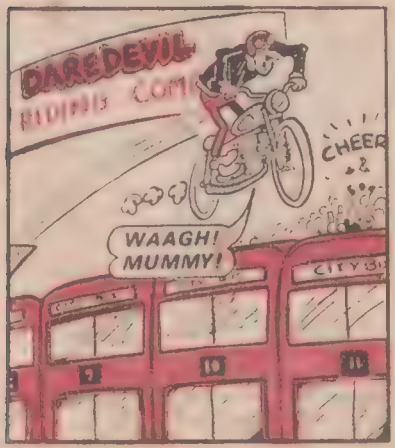

It's ME, Rovers! Like my latest purchase?
ROAD HOG!

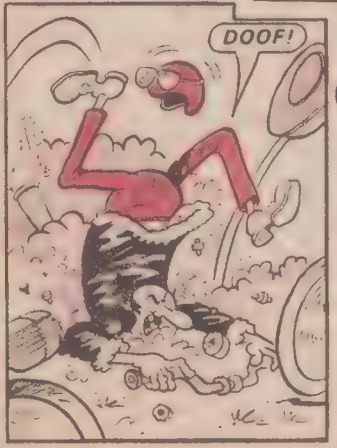

LATER—
Har! Har! Seen a bigger engine on a sewing machine!
Where are your stabilizers, Basil? YUK! YUK!
GRR!

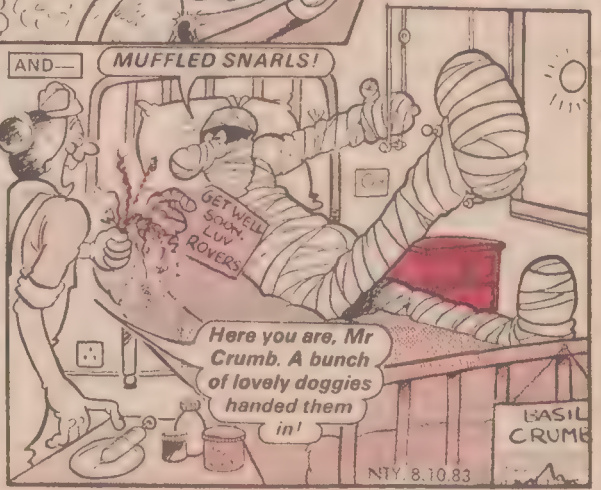

CHEEKY HOUNDS!
I'll get you for that!


TCH! Missed 'em!


WH-WHAT?
GOOD LUCK

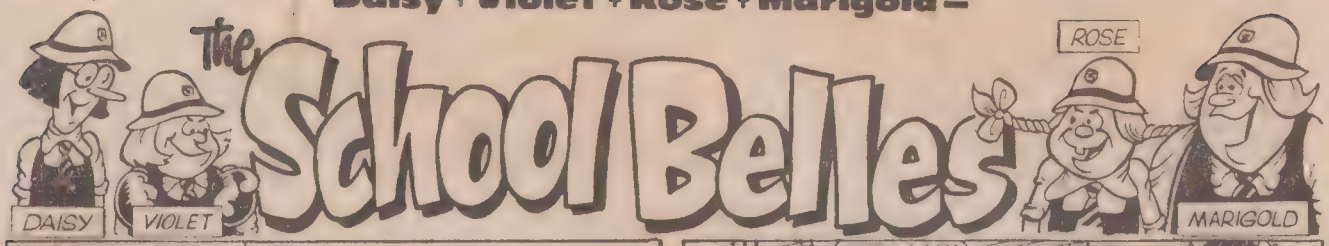

DAREDEVIL
CHEER
WAAGH! MUMMY!

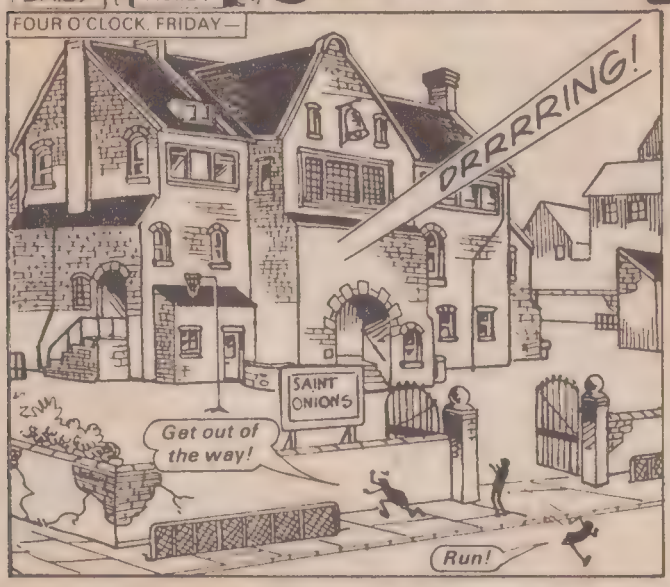

DOOF!

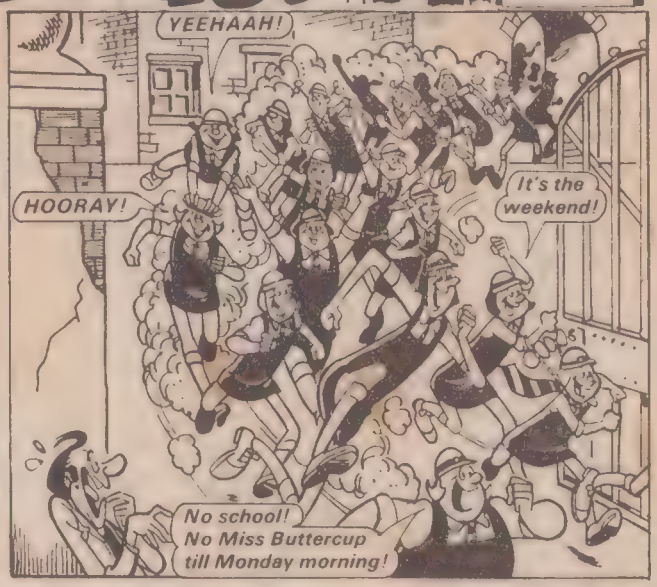

AND—
MUFFLED SNARLS!
GET WELL SOON. LUV ROVERS
Here you are, Mr Crumb. A bunch of lovely doggies handed them in!
BASIL CRUMB
NTY. 8.10.83

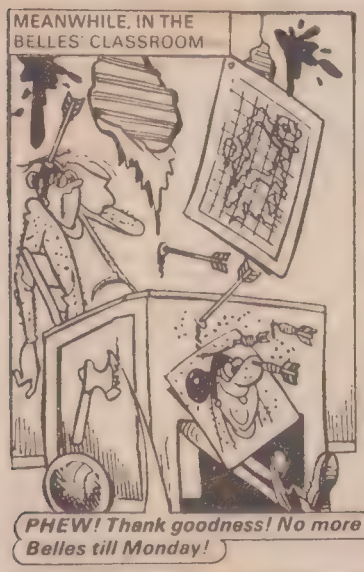
Daisy + Violet + Rose + Marigold =

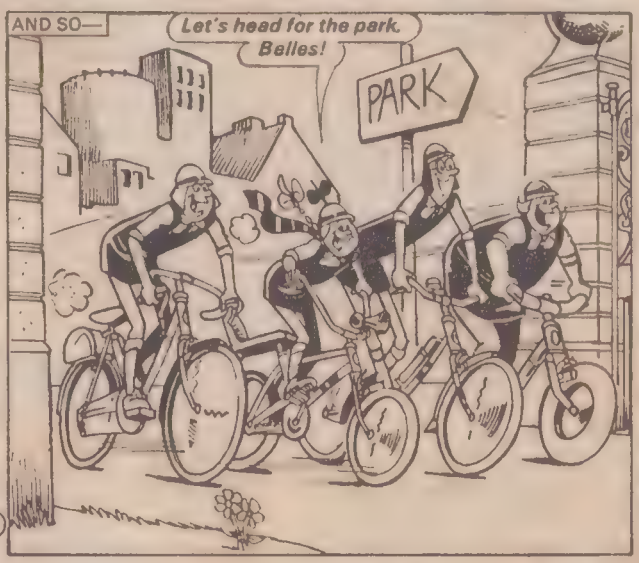
the School Belles

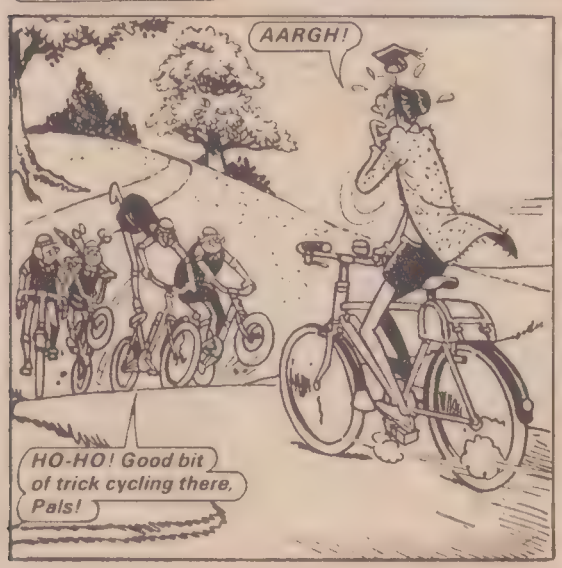






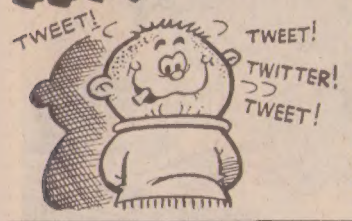


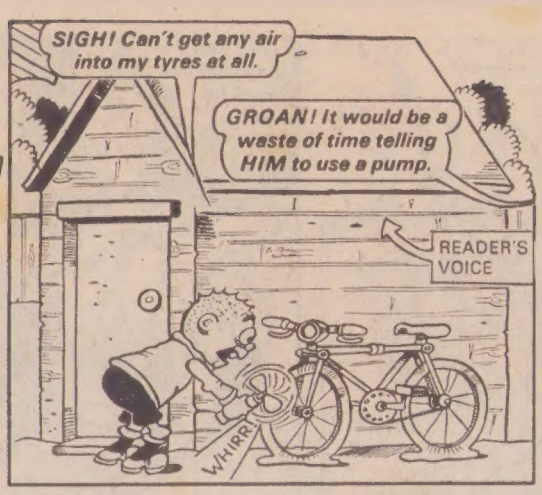


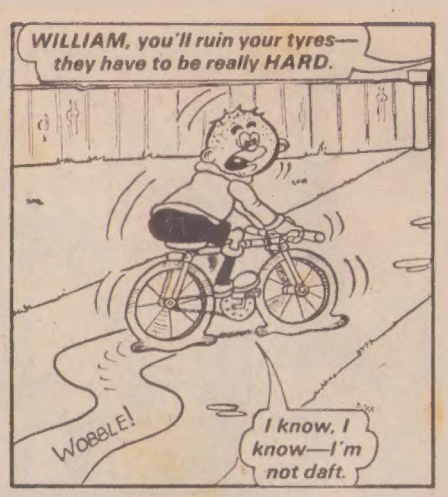


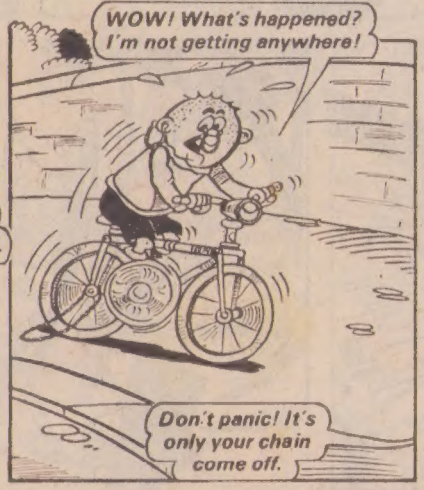
SATURDAY MORNING—
BLAST! The fish are rising . . .
. . . But just out of reach of our hooks!
Let's see if we can cast our lines that far . . .
AH! What a wonderful world we live in! SIGH!
WOW!
ZAP!
ZAP!
ZAP!
ZAP!
What's happening?
GERK!
YAARGLOOB!
SPLOSH!
OH, BOY! We've caught a right queer fish now, Belles!
We'd better pull her out, I suppose.
GLUBBER! I'd better get home!
HUH! Fancy meeting her on a Saturday!
AND she's spoiled the fishing!
Come on, Belles! We'll not meet Miss B HERE!
We're absolutely sure Miss B won't come near the SCHOOL PLAYGROUND during the weekend!
NTV 2.10.83

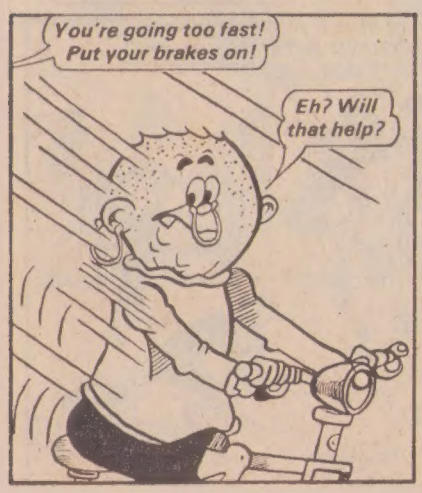
TWEET WILLIAM

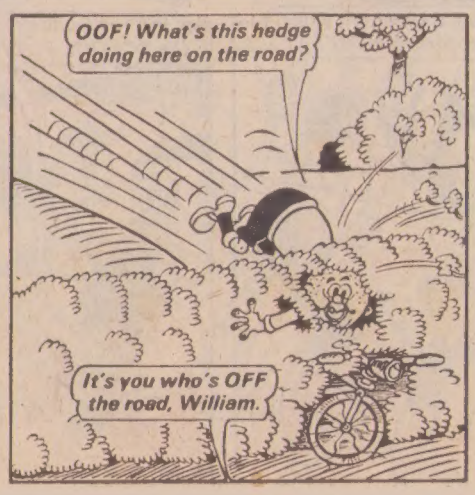




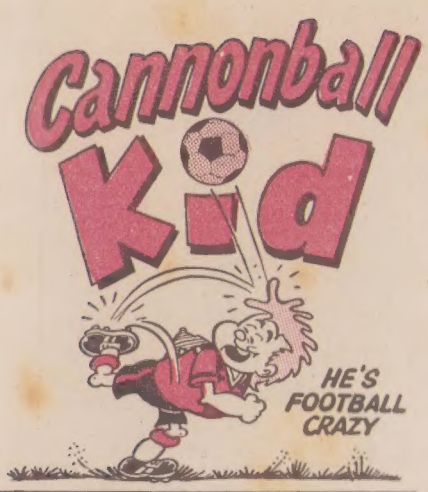


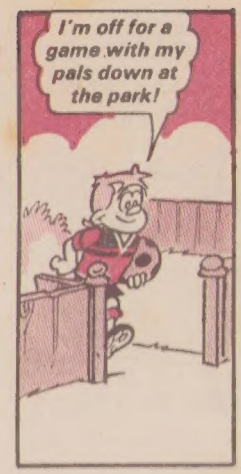


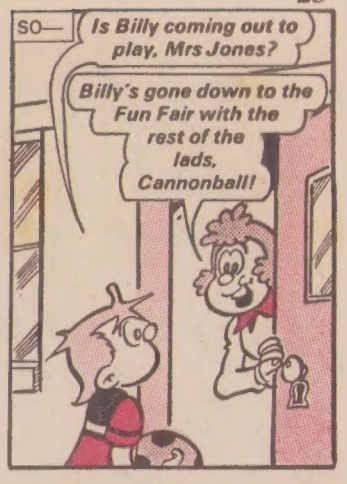


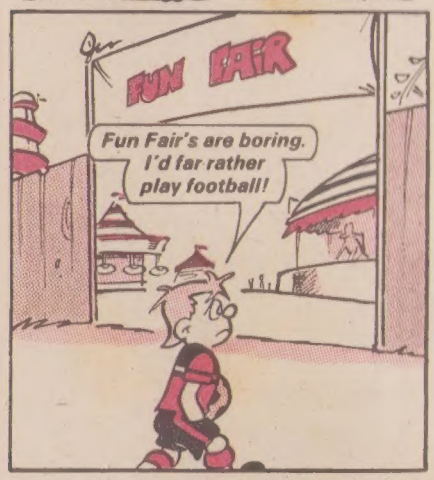


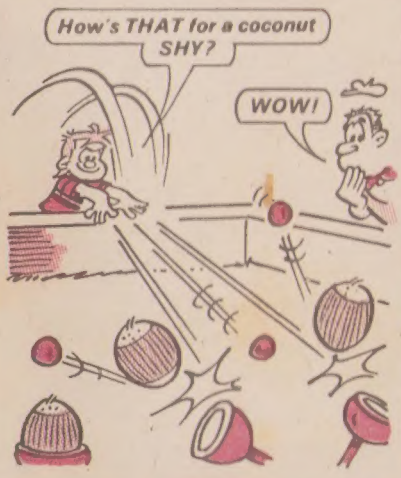
Cannonball Kid

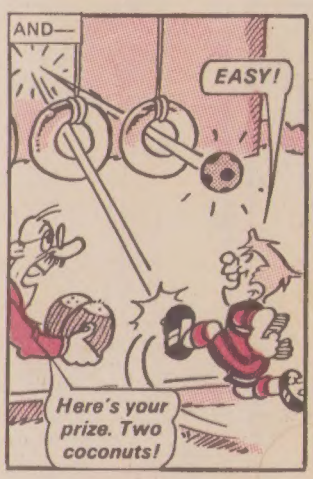


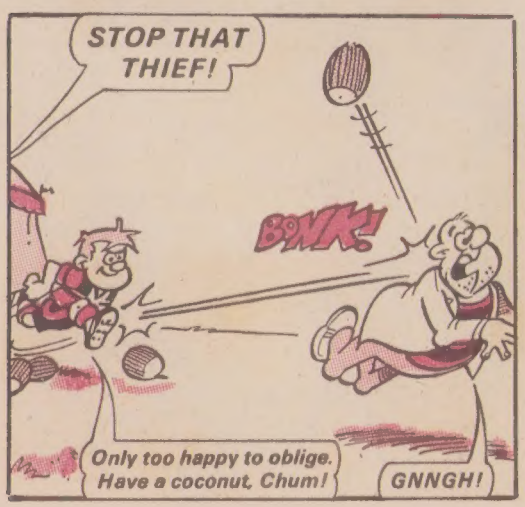


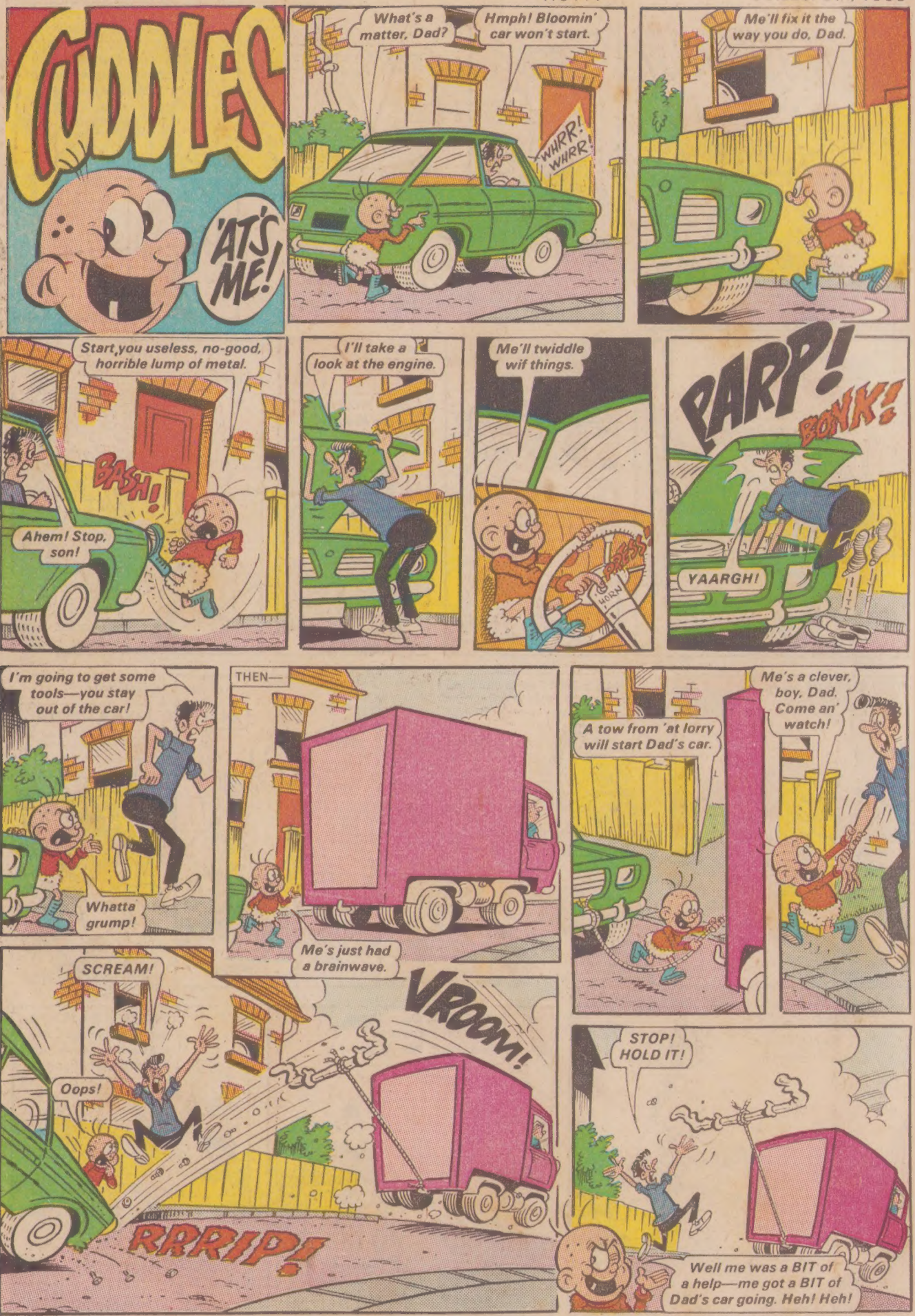











CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
What's a matter, Dad?
Hmph! Bloomin' car won't start.
WHRR! WHRR!
Me'll fix it the way you do, Dad.
Start,you useless, no-good, horrible lump of metal.
BASH!
Ahem! Stop, son!
I'll take a look at the engine.
Me'll twiddle wif things.
HORN
PARP!
BONK!
YAARGH!
I'm going to get some tools—you stay out of the car!
Whatta grump!
THEN—
Me's just had a brainwave.
A tow from 'at lorry will start Dad's car.
Me's a clever, boy, Dad. Come an' watch!
SCREAM!
Oops!
VROOM!
RRRIP!
STOP! HOLD IT!
Well me was a BIT of a help—me got a BIT of Dad's car going. Heh! Heh!

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